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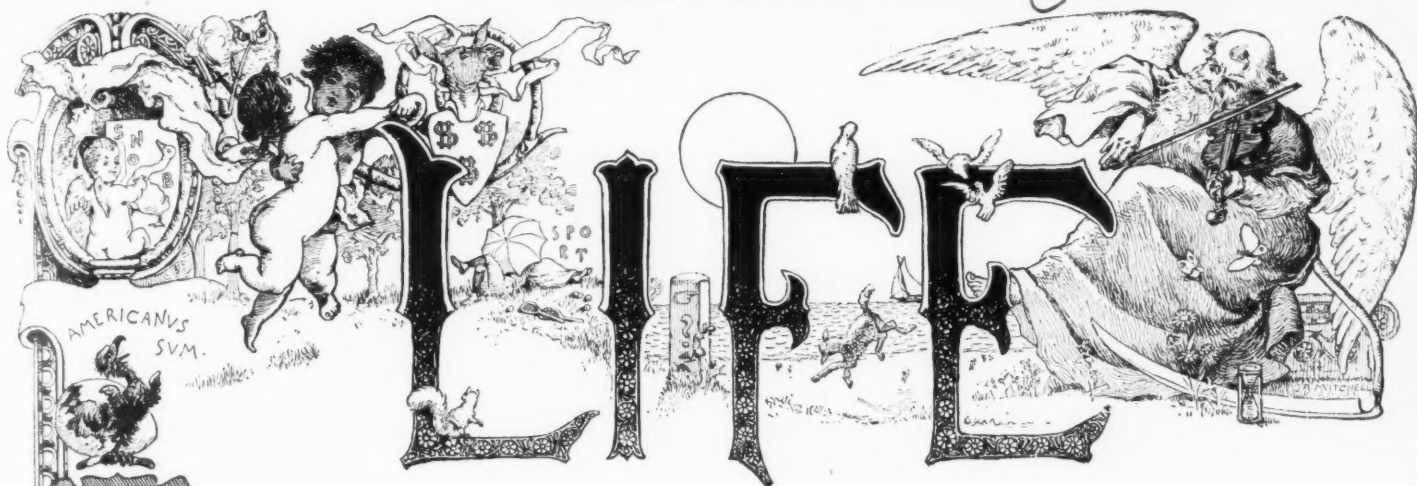
VOLUME XLV.

NEW YORK, JUNE 8, 1905.

NUMBER 1180.

Entered at the New York Post Office as Second Class Mail Matter
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Middle Class



"GRANDPA, DO YOU HAVE TO BE AWFUL GOOD TO GET INTO HEAVEN?"

"YES, MY BOY."

"WELL, I'VE ABOUT MADE UP MY MIND TO TRY FOR THE BOOBY PRIZE."

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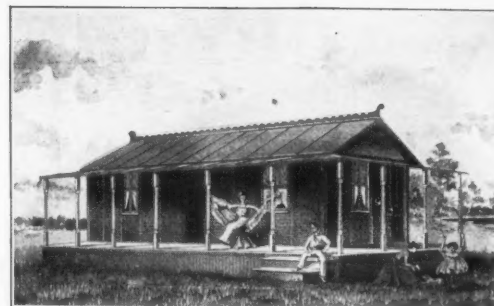
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"Oh, auntie," he cried, "look at the convict mule!"—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

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LIFE



PEOPLE WHO PASS.
SIGNS OF TERRIBLE GRIEF.

Longing.

SHE was no beggar on life's beaten way,
Yet as the summer sped,
Within her jaunty bathing-suit she pined—
"I ask for arms," she said.

Tied Down.

"**N**ICE library you have."
"Yes. It costs \$5 a month.
Expect to own it in ten years."
"Fine-looking piano."
"Yes. Paid the second installment
on it yesterday."
"Splendid furniture."
"Almost a quarter paid for."
"Suppose you don't live to see this
through?"
"That's all right. I'm paying insur-
ance on the installment plan."

"Um! Don't you ever take a vaca-
tion from this sort of thing?"

"Can't. I would have to make so
many payments in advance that I
wouldn't have money enough to get
away with."

Doubtful.

"**S**HE looks well preserved."
"Oh, yes; but I hardly think
she would stand a chemical analysis."

Pride.

MAG: Yes, Chimmie, I t'ink I could
dress very comfortable on \$65 a
year!
CHIMMIE: Hully gee! Yer must
t'ink I'm James Hazen Hyde.

The New Baby.

THE MOTHER: Isn't he just per-
fect?

THE FATHER: Great kid!

THE UNCLE: What! Another?

THE AUNT (on the mother's side):
He favors all of us.

THE AUNT (on the father's side):
He favors all of us!

THE NURSE: He's a poor sleeper.

THE BACHELOR FRIEND: I'm sorry
for them.

THE COOK: He's a darlint! (I'll
give 'em notice to-morrow.)

THE DOCTOR: Shall I charge \$50 or
\$100?

THE CYNIC: Well, it isn't his fault.

THE CLERGYMAN: Another soul.

THE MILKMAN: Another customer.

T. M.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XLV. JUNE 8, 1905. No. 1180.
17 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.



Philadelphia, turning on the machine that elected him by a majority of one hundred and thirty thousand votes, constitutes a spectacle unexpectedly hopeful for Philadelphia. The gas deal and the public feeling that it has stirred up seem to have brought the Mayor to a state of effectual contrition for past subserviency to Boss Durham and his crew. He said he would veto the new lease to the United Gas Improvement Company. The reply was that the Councils would pass the measure granting the lease over his veto. His response to that was a demand for the resignations of his Director of Public Safety, who controls the Fire and Police Departments, and his Director of Public Works, who controls the municipal patronage. These officials not resigning with sufficient completeness, he dismissed them and appointed their successors. Thus committed to war on the notorious and mighty Pennsylvania Republican ring, he engaged Mr. Elihu Root, of New York, as counsel.

Immediately we read of an automatic rushing together of Durham and his lieutenants for a morning conference in the office of P. A. B. Widener, and the announcement that the gas deal would be put through, anyhow. Next, of an afternoon conference of the same chiefs in the office of Senator Boies Penrose. Next, of the engagement of Lawyer Johnson to fight for the rings against the Mayor.

Of course a reasonable approach to honest government in Philadelphia

can only be attained after a long, hard fight. They say that of Weaver's one hundred and thirty thousand majority in the election for Mayor, from forty thousand to eighty thousand votes were fraudulent. That gives some idea of how the Republican machine is used to do its business. To beat that machine, intrenched in the city and closely affiliated with the State machine that regulates things at Harrisburg, is a tremendous proposition. But it will be done some time, and maybe this time. More power to Mr. Weaver!



THERE is one point about the gas lease matter that must seem particularly curious to many lookers on. The directors of the U. G. I. Co. may or may not be good men morally, but at least they are "good" commercially. They are rich men, and responsible, and one would naturally suppose that they wished to be considered respectable. We find nowhere any credible suggestion that the contemplated lease to the Gas Company is equitable, or could be procured except by corrupt means. How can these directors, some of whom are men of great distinction in business life, afford to be concerned with an attempt so universally stigmatized as a steal? Does it cost them nothing which they hold valuable to be exhibited as persons in league with political scamps for the spoliation of the public? We cannot suppose they like their own position, or consider themselves so culpable or so degraded as they appear to unsophisticated outsiders. Perhaps their story would be that the management of municipal concerns in Philadelphia has been so profoundly and hopelessly rotten for so long a time that the only possible way to do business in Philadelphia has been to do it as it is done. In such a story there would doubtless be truth, but not enough truth to exculpate those directors, or make their posture seem a graceful one. Disreputable business conduct, disreputable methods, associations, connivances and extenuations are not nearly as disgraceful as they ought to be. If charity must forever be stretch-

ing itself to cover the misdeeds of directors, there won't be enough of it left to cover a fair proportion of the common sins of common people. There isn't enough charity to go around, anyhow. We do heartily wish the great army of directors and big men would moderate their demands on what there is of it. They can't reasonably expect to get far more than their share of the easy money, and then monopolize the extenuating circumstances besides.



IT is disclosed that \$4,000 a year has been added to the salary of the British Ambassador to the United States to enable him to keep up with the increased cost of living in Washington. He and his family get their clothes in duty free, but current polite life in this country is dear even for persons who get their clothes cheap, and live rent free in winter. We wish very much that every one had money enough to live on, and the bills they did not count on paid every New Year's day besides. Any one who is not fully enough apprised how little ways a lot of money goes now, is invited to read the disclosures of a college professor on that subject in the *May Atlantic*. His average salary for nine years was \$1,328.15. His average expenditure during the same years was \$2,794.27. Happily, he made up the difference not less creditably than out of the income of his private fortune. He had one wife, two children and one servant. The details of annual expenditure for the maintenance of this family are too painful to be wantonly set forth in this paper, but are commended to the attention of every one who has any loose money which he can devote to the better endowment of teachers and professors.

The poorest people are not so much those who have the least money, as those whose incomes are most disproportionate to their reasonable felicitations. Poverty, like snuff, is measurable by pinches. Where there is no pinch there is no poverty, or at least none to hurt.



OUR BOYS.

LEONARD.

HERE is young Leonard. Leonard is a friend of Teddy, or perhaps we should say that Teddy is a friend of Leonard. Teddy is bigger and stronger than Leonard, and that is why he likes to take Leonard's part, and when Leonard comes to a hard place, to help him over. Is this not manly and generous in Teddy, and don't you think Leonard ought to be very grateful to him for it?

There can be no doubt that Leonard is a delightful boy and has lovely manners. But there are some who declare that he does not live up to them, though

this is only hearsay and should not be held up against him.

Leonard is very fond of games, and above all others likes the game of Promotion. He is pretty good at it, too, for he has played it a long time, and knows how. He and Teddy play partners at it, and Leonard says that if it hadn't been for this he couldn't have won half so many times.

Aren't you glad for Leonard's sake that he has such a good friend in Teddy? Because if he hadn't, perhaps he would be lonesome. And no one wants to be too lonesome, especially when they live in Washington.

A Loser.

SENIOR PARTNER: We had best have the bookkeeper's books examined. I saw him at the race-track yesterday!

JUNIOR PARTNER: Indeed!

"Yes, and he was betting on the same horse I was!"

Encouragement.

DE LAYE: I'm a mum-mum man who nun-nun never says dud-dud die, dud-dud don't you know?

MRS. GOODE: Well, never mind, you certainly try hard enough to do so!

TO be wise is the privilege of those who know when to be foolish.

Enough.

"WHAT are the critics growling for?"
Said Haines upon-parade.
"They're growling at neglect of us,"
The tired dray-horse said.
"What more can they expect from me?"
Said Haines-upon-parade.
"To give the cats and dogs a chance,"
The mongrel puppy said.

Overheard.

"— And finally she married him, and she was twenty-two and he was sixty-four."

"Have any children?"

"Yes, several. But all turned out to be grandchildren. Queer, wasn't it?"

Ashes.

NEW YORK, May 15th, 1905.

DEAR LIFE:

On the strength of your statement that Lady Kitty, in Mrs. Ward's "Marriage of William Ashe," is "the most noteworthy heroine of English fiction since Becky Sharp," I bought and read the book.

To my humble thinking the heroine is an erotic neurotic who ought to have had her neck wrung, or been confined in a sanatorium. If she is the genius her creator declares her, she certainly says and does nothing to justify the label, unless madness and genius are synonymous. She is silly and cruel, and about as interesting as an electrified doli. Never tell me that English husbands are insensible taskmasters! Ashe was obsessed by his wife, and she by the devil, and my sympathies are with the devil.

Why consume time to read such a book, when all you have left is—The Ashes? H. D. E.



"SHALL I WEAR MY NEW HAT TO THE BACKOFENCE CONCERT TO-NIGHT?"

"I GUESS NOT—THE WEATHER REPORT SAYS SQUALLS MAY BE EXPECTED."

The Saw.

SAID Folly: "Friend, the precedence
Is yours, and rightly too."
But Wisdom smiled and bowed:
"No, no,
I must come after you."

A Curious Inconsistency.

ARICH philanthropist, who was driving up Fifth Avenue, saw a truckman beating an aged and dejected horse. His blood boiled with indignation at the sight, and leaping from his carriage he called a policeman, and insisted upon the arrest of the brutal driver.

While he was expostulating loudly with the offender, and haranguing him upon his cruelty, his own mettlesome horses pranced nervously about in an apparent fever of restlessness.

After watching their antics for a few moments in silence, the horse which had just received a beating lifted up his voice in pious thanksgiving.

"*Laus Domine*," he cried, "that I am not as other horses, even as those aristocrats. You," addressing the dancing animals, "have sumptuous stables, dainty fare, and grooms to care for your satin coats. You dash out each day in the pride and panoply of a gleaming harness, admired and observed of all; while I am overworked, uncared for, beaten.

"But what are my sufferings compared to yours? For you are forced to endure agonies beside which an occasional blow is as naught. Your heads are jerked back at an unnatural and torturing angle, and your glossy and delicate skin is irritated by many flies, against whose onslaught you may not defend yourselves, as your tails have been cruelly docked."

"Alas, brother," replied one of the prancing steeds, "your words are true; but none save those of our own class can fully appreciate our sufferings. In some future world the inconsistencies of these humans, who shudder at the sound of a whip when applied to us, but ruthlessly dock our tails, and countenance the use of



FAYARD JONES

LITTLE GLIMPSES OF MARRIED LIFE.

"ANY LUCK WITH THE GERANIUMS, DEAR?"

the overhead check, may be made plain."

"There is one thing I will never see without prompt interference," observed the rich philanthropist, as he entered his brougham; "and that is cruelty to dumb beasts."

Mrs. Wilson Woodrow.

OFFICER DOOLAN: I once pulled in the Yale crew!

YALEVARD: What had they been doing?

She Needed a Rest.

MR. T. DEEUSS: Your daughter who has just left the room scarcely replied when I addressed her! Is she reserved?

MRS. FONDMAN: I think not, but I have an idea that she's retiring!

EVERY scandal has a golden lining.



THE DREAM OF A MAN WHO FELL ASLEEP AT A BRIDGE-PARTY.

A War of Words.



IT is a discursive age. Nothing is too insignificant to bear the weight of argument. A Baltimore physician makes some discouraging remarks about the limited usefulness of middle-aged gentlemen, and this whole big country excites itself over his words, as if they represented a discovery, rather than a casual opinion. Galileo's first announcement that the world was on the move could hardly have created more uproar. A college professor tells a little group of Philadelphians that gambling for sport is not inherently vicious; and busy people from the Atlantic to the Pacific find time to talk about, and write about this very moderate statement. Whenever there is an interval of respite, enterprising newspapers proceed to work up a controversy by writing to quiet country clergymen for their opinions anent football; or by asking women if they have as good a time as men. John Oliver Hobbes, we are assured, thinks they do have quite as good a time; but how on earth does John Oliver Hobbes know?

And now Sir Arthur Mitchell, a distinguished neurologist, has started a discussion in England by asserting we are all unmoral in our dreams. This interesting impression is being hotly contested, on behalf—I presume—of outraged British morality. Mr. Andrew Lang, for example, insists that he is eminently moral in *his* dreams, and suffers pangs of remorse while sleeping, for the sins he commits in sleep. Sir Arthur thinks poorly of dreams. He

distrusts the waking man's account of his dream, believing—not without reason—that it is edited for narration. But then, it is on the evidence of the waking man that he must found his conclusions. What else has he to go by? Mr. Lang, having a Scotchman's love of mystery, and a Scotchman's acute conscientiousness, entertains a deep respect for dreams, as well as for his own unshaken morality when dreaming. Sir Arthur maintains that the "pained modesty" with which all dreamers are familiar (Sydney Smith said he knew Queen Victoria must have dreamed more than once that she was opening Parliament in her shift) is not a moral sentiment. His critics urge that it has its basis in morality. St. Theresa used to advise her voluble sisterhood not to contend in words about things of no consequence. Perhaps, if we manage to be strenuously moral when awake, we'll do no great harm dreaming. *Agnes Repplier.*

Necessary.

HUSBAND: Do you think it fair, dear, to put our guests next to the nursery?
WIFE: But it's the only way we can get 'em up in time for breakfast.



TAINTED WEALTH FOR PAINTED HEATHEN.



A FUGITIVE FROM JUSTICE.

Ballade of a Leader.*Elisha Dyer led.—Daily Paper.*

IN winter when the Town
Is full of life, and gay,—
When no man wears a frown
Unless he cannot pay,—
I court the social Fay
Before I seek my bed,
And hear how in the fray
Elisha Dyer led.
Some Scotch my grief to drown,—
Cigars, or just a clay,
To hold my dander down,
I take; and then I pray.
A Pharisee? Nay, nay!
I simply lose my head
In wonder at the way
Elisha Dyer led.
All persons of renown,
From golden-locks to gray,
And every Paris gown
Described without delay:
I read, and so betray
My weakness, be it said,
For all this vain display
Elisha Dyer led.

Envoy.

Friends, dyers have their day:
Doubtless when he is dead
His epitaph will say
ELISHA DYER LED.

*Felix Carmen.***Business Is Business.**

DR. BRONSON, your bill actually makes my blood boil."
"Then, madam, I must charge you fifteen dollars more for sterilizing your system."



"JUST A FEW PENNIES FOR SOMETHING TO EAT,
I HAVE HAD NOTHING BUT CRUDE OIL FOR THIRTY
YEARS."

He Was Safe.

"MY dear friend, you must have your appendix removed."

The kindly and thoughtful physician laid his hand on his companion's shoulder. That individual started perceptibly.

"Why!" he exclaimed, "what for? I'm healthy enough. Nothing the matter with me."

"I know it," replied the physician. "But it's a wise precaution. You're going to travel, aren't you?"

"Yes—Europe, Asia, Africa."

"Exactly. You're going to unknown, unfrequented places. Don't make the mistake of taking your appendix with you. Have it removed before you start—then you can travel in perfect safety."

The other shook his head.

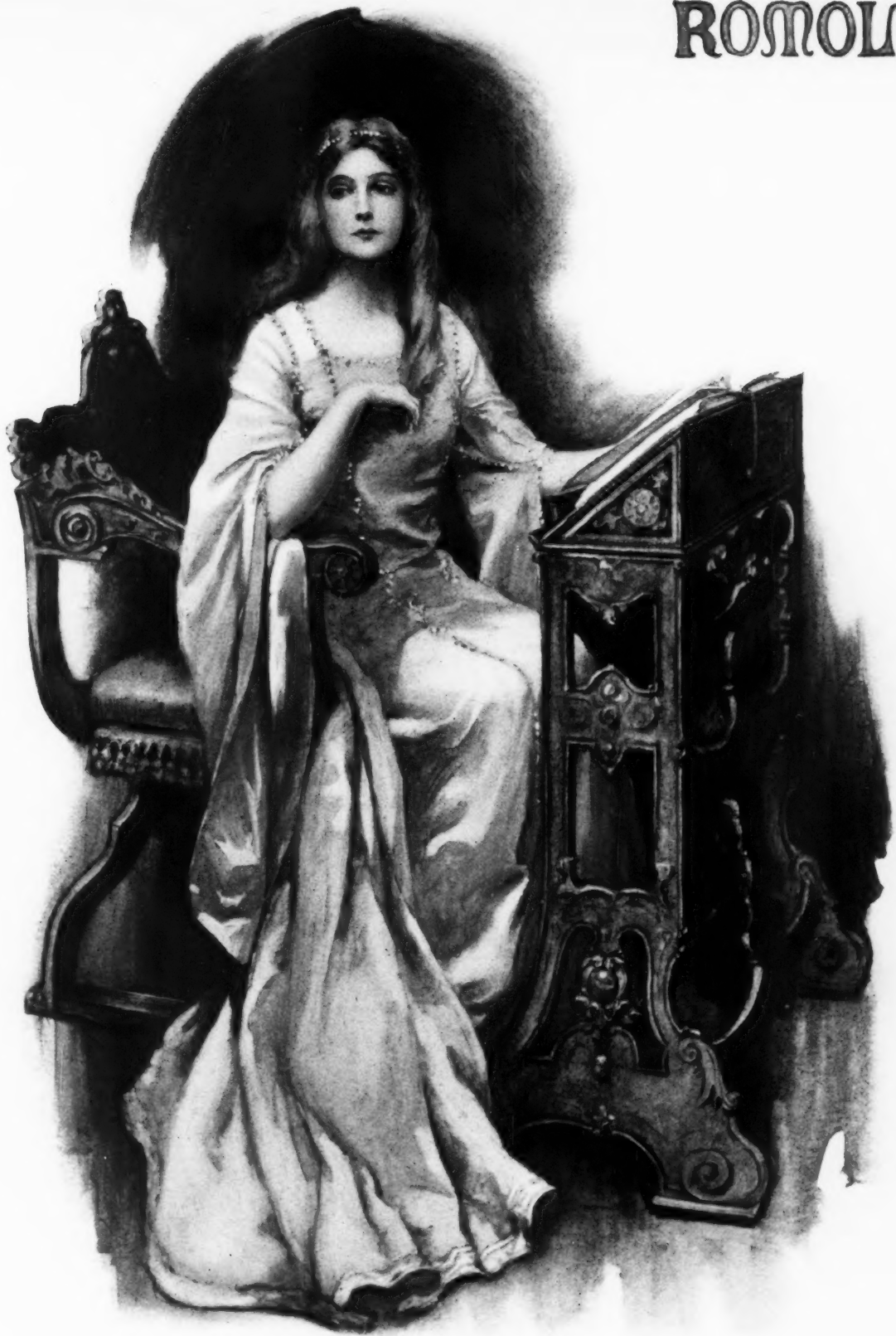
"My dear fellow," he said, "you're wrong. Your argument would hold good if I were going to travel only in America or England. But where I'm going it will be impossible for me to have appendicitis."

"But why not?"

The wise man smiled.

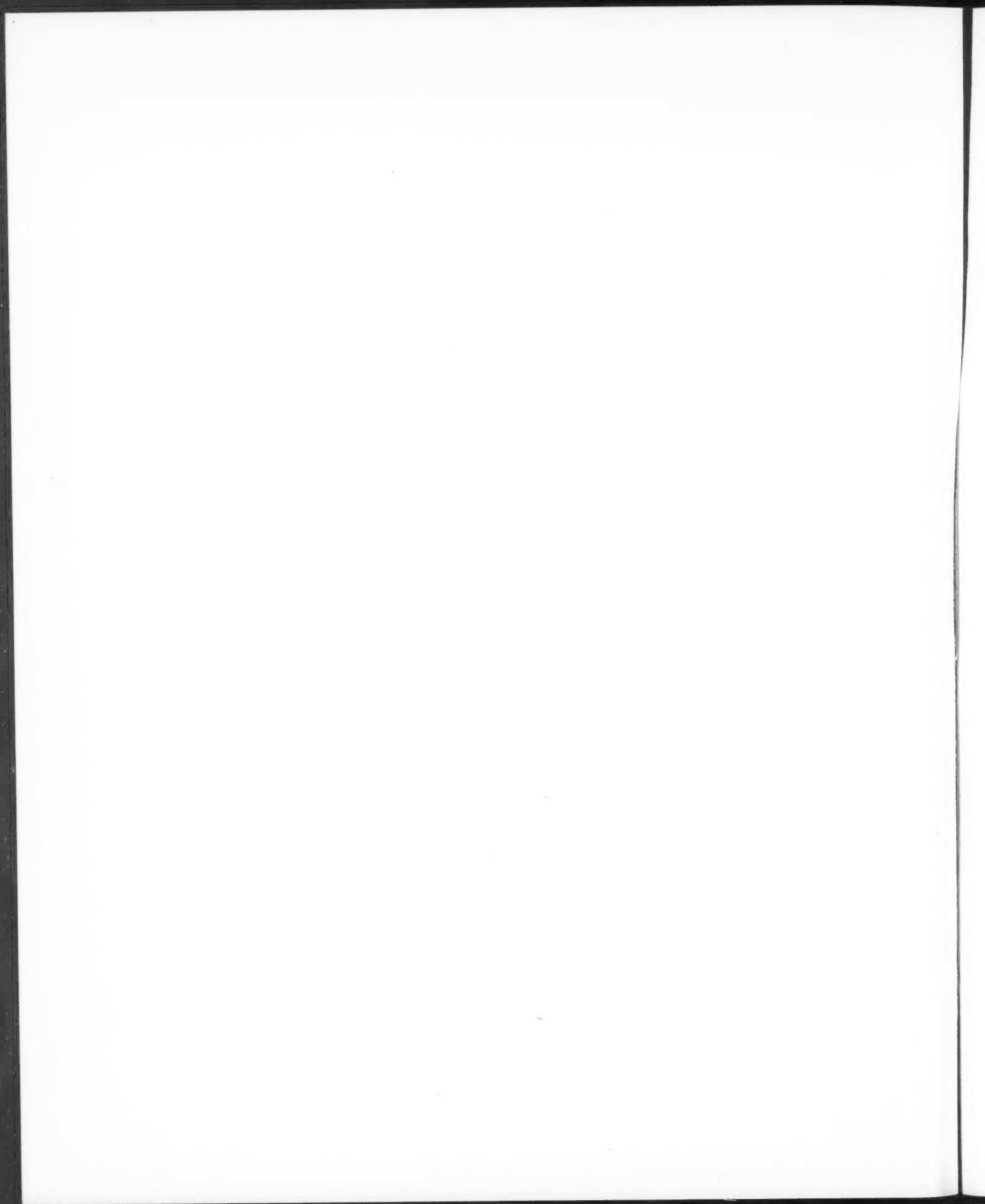
"Because," he said, "there are no up-to-date doctors there."

ROMOLA



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LIFE'S GALLERY OF HEROINES



Vanquished.



ONCE there was a town named Narrowville, that was presided over by a Village Gossip.

The Village Gossip became a human yellow journal by decorating herself with three-inch headlines about the latest scandal, and was read by everybody and despised by all.

One day she called on a new family who had just moved in.

The lady of the house came down with an outstretched hand and a large smile. She had heard of the Village Gossip and had been warned about her and was prepared.

"I'm so glad to see you," she said. "I was afraid I was going to be lonesome. You know my husband is rarely home."

"Business, I suppose," said the V. G. "Oh, no. But you know he drinks. You'll hear all about it later. We are on the verge of a separation. By the way, do you smoke? Here are some really good cigarettes."

The Village Gossip gasped and declined.

"I'm afraid we're a trifle narrow here," she said; "but you know we haven't been educated up to this yet."

"Oh, no, I suppose not," said the New Lady. "You still go to church and observe the Sabbath, and all that sort of thing, I suppose. But you'll get over that all right. That's what I've come for."

"What did I understand you to say you had come for?" said the V. G.

"I didn't say," said the New Lady, calmly, "but I will. I've come to reform the town. I've come to introduce Scotch Highballs and Bridge and speculation, and Sunday golf and flirtations, and everything you can think of. You see, my husband and I are out, and I've got to have something to occupy my mind."

"I'm afraid you're too wicked for me," said the Village Gossip, as she rose to go.

The next day was the busiest day the Village Gossip ever had.

"I consider it my solemn duty to warn everybody against such a woman," she said, as she went the rounds. "I actually saw her smoking, and she calmly told me she was going to do all she could to make everybody here as thoroughly bad as she is. I shall certainly never enter her door again."

The result was that when anyone in town wanted to have a really good time, and not have anyone know what they were doing, they went to the New Lady, who soon became the most popular person in the place

And the Village Gossip was thrown completely out of business.

MORAL.

Always tell the truth and shame the Village Gossip. *Addison Fox, Jr.*

Cause.

PROSECUTOR (*examining talesmen*): Have you ever known the prisoner or his counsel?

TALESMAN: Yes—his counsel gave me some advice once in a lawsuit.

PROSECUTOR: You are excused—you would evidently sympathize with the prisoner.



IS THIS THE ATTITUDE OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH?



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"FOR HE'S A JOOD I

• LIFE •

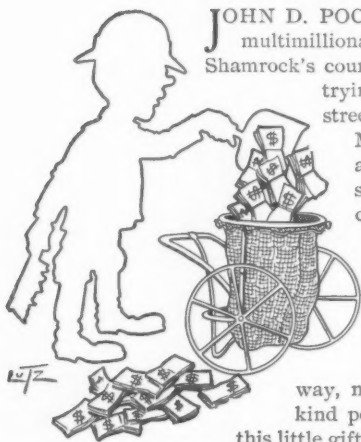


E'S A JOOOD FELLOW."

Anticipated.

"I CAME much sooner than I should—"
(As one who understands),
Said Death to Debt. "Because I knew
The man was in *your* hands."

The Trials of a Millionaire.



JOHN D. POCKETFILLER, the notorious multimillionaire, was in Magistrate McShamrock's court yesterday on the charge of trying to give away money on the street corners. It appears that Mr. Pocketfiller, disguised with a chestnut wig, stood on the sidewalk at a busy downtown corner, carrying a large sack filled with bank-bills done up in bunches of one hundred dollars each. He would hold one of these bunches in his hand and offer it to passers-by in an offensive way, muttering: "Please help me, kind people; I am very rich; take this little gift and make me happy." That Mr. Pocketfiller was a nuisance of the most irritating description could not be denied. Ladies gathered up their skirts and swept disdainfully past; busy merchants elbowed the millionaire contemptuously aside; street urchins thumbed their noses at him; and one fat-necked politician, into whose hand Mr. Pocketfiller attempted to thrust a package of bills, was thrown into such a rage that he not only hurled the money back in the millionaire's face, but followed it with a fistful of silver coins which he pulled from his own pocket. The coins scattered over the sidewalk, where it was noticed that people kicked them into the gutter like scraps of orange peel. The very idea of money had been rendered distasteful to the populace by Mr. Pocketfiller's presence and his insolent behavior.

The millionaire was finally taken into custody, much to everybody's relief, at the instance of a well-known clergyman, Rev. Sainly Longface of Brooklyn, who deposed that Mr. Pocketfiller had rudely offered him a hundred thousand dollars for the foreign mission fund. After listening to the testimony, Magistrate McShamrock promptly sentenced the prisoner to hard labor for life at 26 Broadway, with the injunction that he must not cease to let his wealth accumulate. "I have no patience with these un-American notions," remarked the Magistrate. "What would this country come to if our capitalists persisted in giving away even a small fraction of their fortunes, without expecting something in return? It will be a gloomy outlook for the future of our magnificent Trusts if such things are suffered to continue. Public sentiment demands that this donation business be stopped here and now. I understand that this is not Mr. Pocketfiller's first offence, or I should have let him off with a term in the United States Senate."

A brief interview was subsequently granted with Mr.

Pocketfiller at cell twenty-six. The prisoner looked cheerful, despite the onerous conditions of his sentence. "I cannot account for my remarkable lapse," he said. "I am told I have been occasionally taken with similar fits before, though this is the first time I was dragged into court for it. The public seems to be getting unusually fastidious nowadays. I am sincerely sorry for what I have done, and trust that the wholesome austerity of life in this institution, and close application to business, will make me a better man."

Why the Vacation Was Extended.

HE was only four, but he had a genius for condensation. He had been taught to invoke the divine blessing on each member of the family by name. One evening, unobserved, he listened to papa and Uncle Tom discuss the summer vacation problem in the library until it was long past his bedtime. When he knelt by his little cot, he thought to make up for lost time. As he raised his eyes to Heaven, he said:

"God bless papa and mamma and the whole d—d bunch."

And mamma had fire in her eye when she entered the library a few minutes later.

Religious Freedom.

"IS there any religious prejudice in the United States against Jews?"

There is none, or almost none.

The privilege is open, in theory and in fact, to every citizen of the United States, to worship his Maker after his own fashion, or merely to worship money, provided he is content to have only one legal wife at a time.

WANTED: A good office-boy. One who never forgets, who can keep his mouth shut, who never looks at the clock and yet who is always on time; who can talk politely over the telephone, and who doesn't know how to whistle. Salary, ten thousand a year.



COCHIN CHINA.

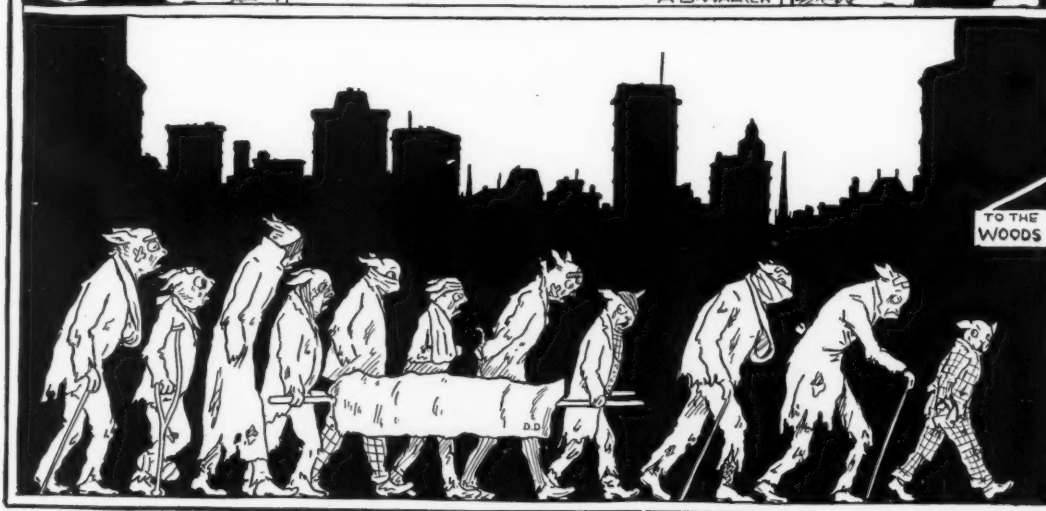


Sing a song of Wall Street,
A pocket full of dough;
Two-and-ten wee lambkins
Standing in a row.

§

When the Market closed,
The lambs began to bleat,
Was not that an easy bunch,
To try to do the Street?

A. B. WALKER



Wanted.

TO the weary, careworn traveler, on the "up grade" known as Life,
Looms the philanthropic sign-board with its remedies for strife;
There are Vim and Force and Health Flakes; there are Rush and
Crush and Zest—
But the one we're really waiting for is a brain food known as Rest.



WE are frequently told that the American public is long-suffering and strangely willing to be imposed upon, and one of the things that seem to support the charge is the uncomplaining manner in which we continue to pay a dollar and fifty cents for current fiction, and submit to being defrauded of seventy-five cents' worth of the purchased illusion by the illustrations. Why, one is inclined to ask, should we jail the man who steals our purse, and leave at liberty him who filches our ideals? Take, for instance, *The Digressions of Polly*, a volume of *dialogue de société à la Anthony Hope*, conceivably calculated to delight the rising generation. Why, just as the young and romantic reader is beginning to believe in the prettiness of Polly and the jauntiness of Jack, should a heartless artist be permitted to blurt out the deplorable truth?

The publication, as *A Diary from Dixie*, of the journal of Mrs. Mary Boykin Chestnut, is an addition of some value to the contemporary comment of Civil War times. Of continued narrative quality, the diary has small trace, and each day is so wholly concerned with its own mood and its own interests as to quite preclude continuous reading; but it is written by a bright woman in the whirl of things social and political, and offers rich browsing to the seeker after local color, corroborative historical detail or romantic suggestion.

Andy Adams, author of *The Log of a Cowboy*, and later of a more imaginative, but less satisfactory piece of fiction, *A Texas Matchmaker*, has returned to his muttons—or rather to his steers, for as a good cattleman he would doubtless disclaim even a metaphorical connection with sheep. His new volume, *The Outlet*, like his first, is a splendid description of a cattle drive, vivid, well written, and, despite its similarity of theme, encroaching not at all upon the trail of the former story.

The experiences of *Doctor Tom* in reforming a moonshine county in the Tennessee mountains are recommended to seekers for novel sensations in fiction. The story is crisply told, and several of the minor characters are well presented, but the hero is a wonderful combination of Sunday-school exemplar and dime-novel terror, and the heroine was made for him. The tale, in short, is a play, in which the supes are interesting and the tragedians funny.

In the half dozen stories which E. S. Martin publishes in *The Courtship of a Careful Man*, we are privileged to look at some of the unconsidered incidents of Metropolitan life through the spectacles of a humorously discriminating optimist. So wholly, indeed, does their flavor depend upon the manner and the mental attitude of the author, that "stories" is something of a misnomer for these papers, which are rather quizzical commentaries on the philosophy of living, delightfully whimsical inconsequences that are yet consequent.

Warren Cheney's romance of Russian Alaska under Alexander Baranof in the beginning of the nineteenth century, *The Way of the North*, did it depend either upon the author's presentation of the local conditions, or on his handling of historical material, would be wholly colorless. But while one is never very conscious of Alaska, and chiefly reminded of the Russian occupation by the cobblestone pavement quality of the names, one likes the members of the little Sitka group, and enjoys following their fortunes.

Edward Z. Ripley's volume upon *Trusts, Pools and Corporations* contains eighteen chapters, each of which presents, by means of articles by authoritative writers, public documents or court decisions, the facts in a specific case illustrative of one of the various forms of combinations, legal or illegal, which have been attempted during the commercial struggle for monopolistic privileges. The book is intended as one of a series of text-books on economics, but it makes most informing reading for anyone interested in the very live question with which it deals.

J. B. Kerfoot

The Digressions of Polly. By Helen Rowland. (The Baker and Taylor Company. \$1.50.)

A Diary from Dixie. By Mary Boykin Chestnut. Edited by Isabella D. Martin and Myrta L. Avery. D. Appleton and Company. \$2.50.)

The Outlet. By Andy Adams. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company. \$1.50.)

Doctor Tom. By John Williams Streeter. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)

The Courtship of a Careful Man. By E. S. Martin. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.25.)

The Way of the North. By Warren Cheney. (Doubleday, Page and Company. \$1.50.)

Trusts, Pools and Corporations. By Edward Z. Ripley. (Ginn and Company. \$1.80.)

Frightened Away.

MRS. VON BLUMER: We can't get any guests to stay here with that new butler.

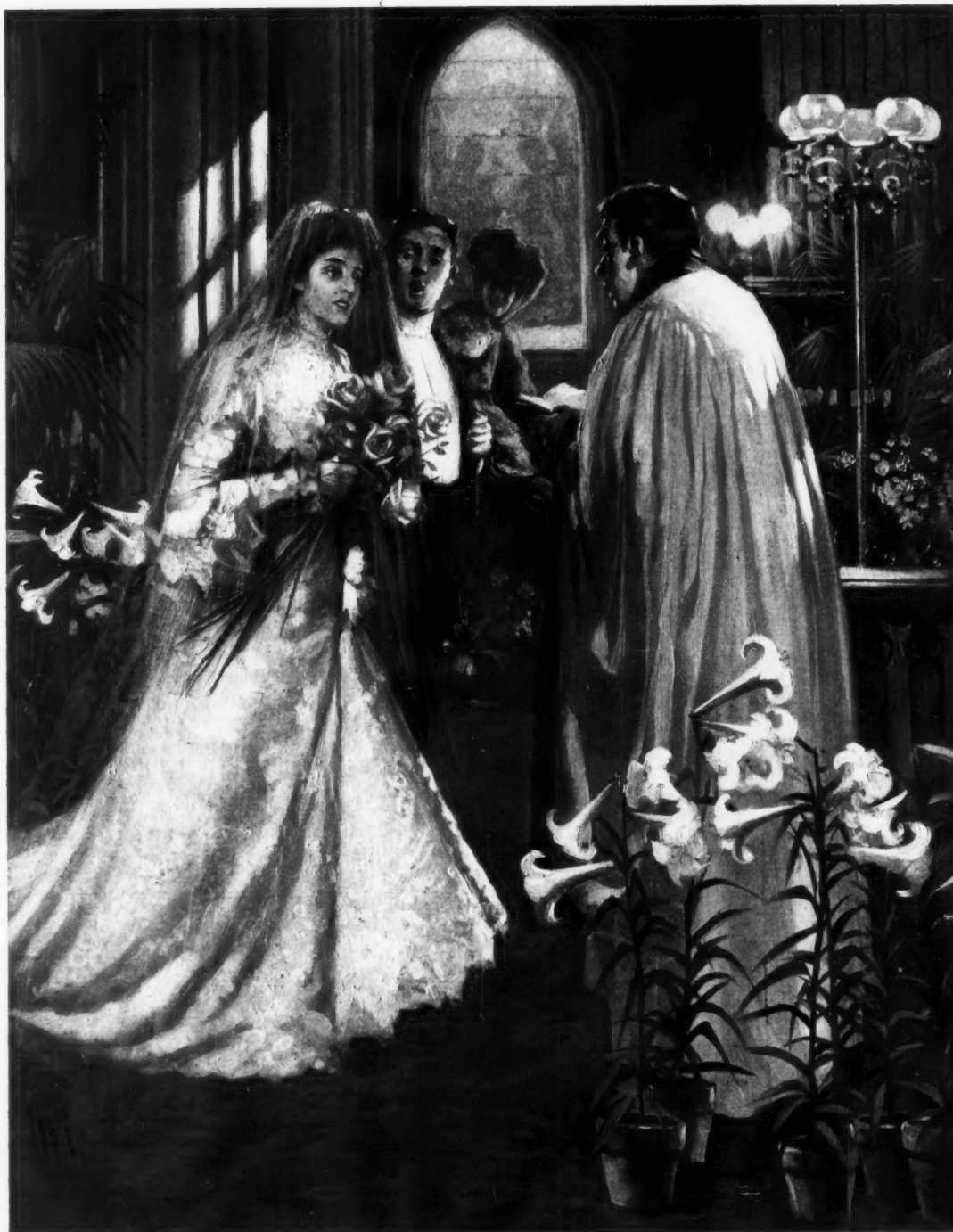
VON BLUMER: Why, I thought he was magnificent.

"He is. That's the trouble. No one dares give him a tip of less than ten dollars."

Intuition.

HE: My gracious! If you are so certain that the boat you bet on is going to be beaten, why don't you hedge?

SHE: Oh! If I did that, she'd win.



The Clergyman: ARE YOU SATISFIED, MADAM, TO TAKE THIS MAN AS YOUR HUSBAND?
The Bride-to-be: WELL, NOT QUITE, BUT HE'S THE BEST I COULD GET.



STRONG ON SYSTEM.

At a certain coal mine down in New Mexico the superintendent was greatly annoyed from time to time by employees moving into and out of the company's houses without due notification of their frequent changes of domicile. It became quite impossible to keep the rent accounts straight on the office books, and finally the superintendent, in his exasperation, resolved upon stringent measures. He therefore posted the following notice, which is given verbatim—orthography, syntax, and all:

february the 11th.

Notice to all employes

any Person or Persons that Mooves into A house Without My Consent shall be Put Out Without anny Cemmony.

Dam it i Must and Will have some Sis-tom.

[Signed.]

HEN FILSTER.

—Los Angeles Times.

EVOLUTION OF A NAME.

CHAPTER I.

"What is your name, little boy?" asked the teacher.

"Johnny Lemon," answered the boy.
And it was so recorded on the roll.

CHAPTER II.

"What is your name?" the schoolmaster inquired.
"John Dennis Lemon," replied the big boy.
Which was duly entered.

CHAPTER III.

"Your name, sir?" said the college dignitary.
"J. Dennison Lemon," responded the young man who was about to enroll himself as a student.
Inscribed in accordance therewith.

CHAPTER IV.

"May I ask your name?" queried the society notes contributor to the "Daily Bread."
"Jean D'Ennice Le Moa," replied the fashionable personage in the opera box.
And it was thus jotted down.

THE END.

—Tit-Bits.

SOME Subscription\$ are due, and we mu\$#t eat.—
The Philippines Gossip.

TOO MUCH FOR HER MEMORY.

"You bad man," exclaimed the fluttering hostess, "you've kept everybody waiting."

"Pardon me," replied the young poet; "I have been loitering on the slopes of Helicon."

"Helicon? Where's that? Another of those new north-shore places? I never can remember the funny names they give them towns up that way."—
Chicago Record-Herald.



ALONZO'S MISHAP.

"WHEN I WAS WATERING THE LAWN, AN EEL GOT IN THE HOSE, AND SQUIRMED ABOUT SO NERVOUSLY IT FAIRLY DRENCHED MY CLO'ES."

HE GOT THE JOB.

During the Civil War the captain of a certain company of mountaineers was thoroughly disgusted with the laziness of the sixty men under him, says the Philadelphia Public Ledger. He determined to shame them. One morning after roll-call he tried it.

"I have a nice, easy job," he said, "for the laziest man in the company. Will the laziest man step to the front?"

Instantly fifty-nine men stepped forward.

"Why don't you step to the front, too?" demanded the captain, of the sixtieth.

"I'm too lazy," replied the soldier.—Youth's Companion.

STILL UNRUFFLED.

Uncle Rufus was one of the calmest and most equable of mortals. Nobody had ever seen him excited or impatient. But there came a time that tried him. The furnace in the basement of his house was working badly. He had been experimenting with a new variety of coal, in which there was a considerable proportion of "slack," and it did not seem to be burning. He threw open the door of the furnace, thrust the end of a long poker deep into the smoldering mass, and stirred it up vigorously.

The result was startling. A fierce burst of flame and smoke came forth, not only enveloping Uncle Rufus, but blowing out the flue-caps in the rooms above, and filling the house with soot and ashes.

In the midst of the excitement Uncle Rufus came up from the basement with his usual slow and regular step. His face was black with grime, his eyebrows and eyelashes were singed to a crisp, and what was left of his hair and beard was a sight to behold.

He went to a mirror and took a good look at himself.

"Wal," he said, slowly and deliberately, "I was needing a shave an' a hair-cut, anyway."—Youth's Companion.

IN a certain home where the stork recently visited there is a six-year-old son of inquiring mind. When he was first taken in to see the new arrival he exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, it hasn't any teeth! Oh, mamma, it hasn't any hair!" Then, clasping his hands in despair, he cried: "Somebody has done us! It's an old baby."—Argonaut

QUERY.

Among the papers of R. H. Stoddard that Ripley Hitchcock edited there is a letter which Oliver Wendell Holmes, the poet-physician, is said to have received. This letter was written many years ago by an ignorant country practitioner, and it is interesting because it shows the low level to which, in the early part of the last century, it was possible for medical education to fall.

The letter, verbatim, follows:

"Dear dock I have a pashunt whose physioal sines shoze that the winpipe is ulcerated of and his lung hav dropped into his stumick. He is unabel to swaller and I fear his stumick toobe is gone. I have giv him everything without efceck his Father is wealthy honble and influensbul. He is an active member of the M. E. church and God noes I don't want too loose him wot shall I do?"—Kansas City Independent.

LIFE is published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year extra. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents.

LIFE is for sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

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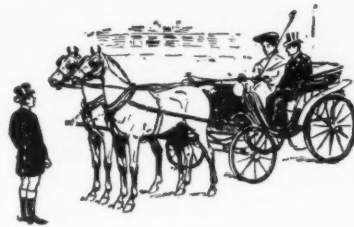
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IF YOUR DEALER WONT
SUPPLY YOU, WRITE US
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Mutual Recognition.

A CERTAIN American lawyer says that
many years ago he went to a Western
State, but, as he got no clients and stood a
good chance of starving to death, he decided to
return eastwards again. Without any money
he got into a train for Nashville, Tenn., in-
tending to seek employment as reporter on one
of the daily newspapers. When the conductor
called for his ticket he said:

"I am on the staff of ———, of Nashville;
I suppose you will pass me?"

The conductor looked at him sharply.

"The editor of that paper is in the smoker.
Come with me. If he identifies you, all right."

He followed the conductor into the smoker;
the situation was explained. Mr. Editor said:
"Oh, yes, I recognize him as one of the staff;
it is all right."

Before leaving the train the lawyer again
sought the editor.

"Why did you say you recognized me? I'm
not on your paper."

"I'm not the editor either. I'm traveling on

his pass, and was scared to death lest you
should give me away."—*Tit-Bits*.

Her Motherly Deception.

LITTLE Alice, much disturbed, begged her
mother not to let remarks be made about
her doll when it was present, "because," she
said, "I have been trying all her life to keep
Dollie from knowing that she was not alive."
—*Pittsburg Bulletin*.

EGYPTIAN DEITIES



S. ANARGYROS

The fame of Egyptian Deities embraces two continents
and follows the critical smoker into all corners of the world.
In America, in the capitals of Europe, even in Cairo and
Alexandria, the great Turkish tobacco marts, it is impossible
to find a better or more expensively made cigarette than

EGYPTIAN DEITIES

In their composition, only selections of the finest Yacca leaf are used, which in
itself is Nature's own delicious blending of fulsome strength and aromatic lightness.
Thence follows perfect curing, handling and the expert finish of the best Egyptian
workmen.



OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES

HE DEMURRED.

A well-known English surgeon was imparting some clinical instructions to half a dozen students, according to the *Medical Age*. Pausing at the bedside of a doubtful case, he said: "Now, gentlemen, do you think this is or is not a case for operation?" One by one each student made his diagnosis, and all of them answered in the negative.

"Well, gentlemen, you are all wrong," said the wielder of the scalpel; "I shall operate to-morrow."

"No, you won't," said the patient, as he arose in his bed; "six to one is a good majority; gimme my clothes."—*San Francisco News-Letter*.

In a pinch, use Allen's Foot-Ease.

FIRST SOCIETY WOMAN: That's my baby that we just passed.

SECOND SOCIETY WOMAN: How do you know?

"I recognized the nurse."—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

The ideal hotel of America for permanent and transient guests.

FAMILIAR.

A Mobile man tells the following story of an odd character in that town who for many years has done a thriving business in hauling ashes. One day, says the Mobile man, he chanced to be in the rear of his house when the darky in question was preparing to depart with the customary load. "I've seen you haul away many a load of ashes," said the owner of the house, "but, my good man, during all these years I've never had the least idea of your name. What is it?"

"Mah name is George Washin'ton, sah," replied the old man, with a duck of his head.

"George Washington, eh!" reiterated the questioner. "It seems to me," he added, with a smile, "that I've heard that name before."

"Reckon you have, sah," came the answer, in all seriousness, "'cause I've been haulin' away ashes from yo' house for more'n ten years."—*Harper's Weekly*.

BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND

Condensed Milk affords the maximum amount of food energy, in the minimum bulk, conferring the greatest good to the infant with the least tax on the digestive organs. It surpasses all other foods for artificial infant feeding. Try it.

A SUBSTITUTE.

Arguing forcibly, if not convincingly, against the custom of taking a bath, still happily prevalent in certain quarters, a writer relates the savory story of a Kentish farm worker whose horny hand he grasped. "Good Kent dirt," said the man, catching a critical glance.

"Haven't had time to wash your hands before tea?" was the question.

"Wash my 'ands!" exclaimed the man. Then he became explanatory. "I never washes my 'ands. When they gets 'ard I illes 'em."—*Argonaut*.

CHAUFFEUR: We have looked up the merits of various speed indicating devices and recommend the Jones Speedometer.

MRS. NEWLYWED: I wonder why we are growing tired of each other.

MR. NEWLYWED: I haven't an idea!

"Yes; maybe that is the reason."—*Chicago Daily News*.

COLLECTOR: I've motioned to that old man three times, and he pretends not to see me. Now, I'm going to present this bill in the presence of his friends.

OFFICE BOY: Aw, you chump! he can't see you—don't you know he's blind?

"Blind? Then, by George, he's got me—this is payable at sight!"—*Cleveland Leader*.



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The Peerless Seasoning

This bottle with the label bearing the signature, Lea & Perrins, is familiar to the public, having been on the market for more than **seventy years**. As a seasoning it improves more dishes than any other relish ever offered to the public. Soups, Fish, Meats, Game, Salads, etc., are made delicious by its proper use. **LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE** adds enjoyment to every dinner.

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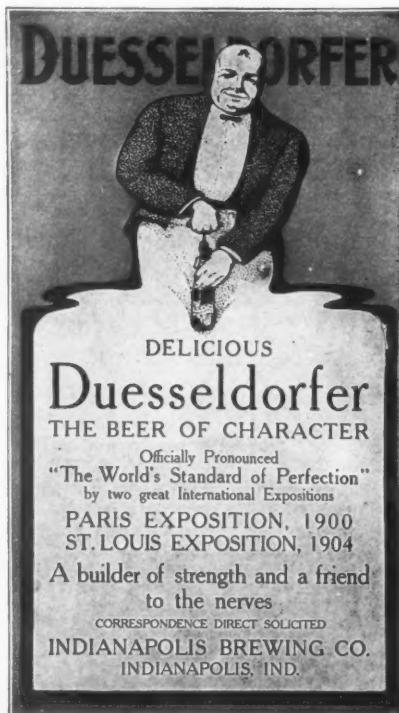
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131,330 CASES

The **GREATEST** quantity ever imported by any brand in the history of the Champagne trade.

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Used all around the World
for all around Fishing.

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Steel Rods made success instantaneous. The standard
Bristol carried by most dealers is
supple enough for small fish yet
strong enough for the occasional
"big one." Special Bristol Rods also
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57 Horton Street, BRISTOL, CONN.

IN DOUBT.

Little Helen was a firm believer in prayer, and was taught always to attend family devotions. During a season of drought, one morning her father said to her, "Do not let me forget to have a special prayer for rain to-night, as the want of it is causing much suffering and many deaths among animals." Her father had hardly left the house when little Helen, thinking she would do much good by anticipating her father's prayer for rain, ran upstairs, and, falling on her knees, prayed for the much-needed rain. That afternoon the town in which she lived was visited by a severe electric shower—barns were unroofed and much damage done. Helen, with the ready faith of childhood, thinking it was all in answer to her prayer, again fell on her knees, exclaiming: "Lord, what have I done?"—*Argonaut*.

AUTOMOBILIST: Yes, the testimony of the Jones Speedometer is accepted in court as better evidence than the stop watch carried by the bicycle cop.

"Yes, the walls of our flat are so thin that my husband and I learned the deaf and dumb alphabet."

"What for?"

"So we could do our quarreling without being overheard."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

HAD A REASON.

X.: I say, old fellow, lend me a fiver, will you?

Y.: Sorry, but I'm not making any permanent investments just now.—*Tit-Bits*.

THE latest and most remarkable feature of the already celebrated Smith Hammerless is the Hunter One-Trigger. Guaranteed absolutely perfect; cannot be doubled or balked, and will never hang when pulling second barrel. Send for illustrated catalogue. Hunter Arms Co., Fulton, N. Y.

HER IDEA OF IT.

TARAGON: The Russians have great faith in the bayonet, the Japs in the sword. Which arm do you prefer?

MISS IMPLE (absent-minded): Both!—*Woman's Home Companion*.

"SUMMER HOMES in the green hills of Vermont" is the title of a handsome booklet just issued by the Central Vermont Railway. To read it is to make one wish to shake the dust of the city off one's feet and flee to the country. Tells all about the inauguration of the "New England States' Limited," the new train service for the summer. Send six cents in stamps for postage to A. W. Ecclestone, Southern Passenger Agent, 385 Broadway, New York.

THE CASE REVERSED.

FIRST FISH: Isn't Troutley something of a liar?

SECOND FISH: Yes; he has been boasting that a three-hundred-pound man got away from him.—*New York Sun*.

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

Has for Thirty Years Been Recognized By the Medical Profession as an Invaluable Remedy in Bright's Disease, Albuminuria of Pregnancy, Renal Calculi, Gout, Rheumatism and All Diseases Dependent upon a Uric Acid Diathesis. Time Adds to the Voluminous Testimony of Leading Clinical Observers.

Robert C. Kenner, A. M., M. D., *Ex-President Louisville Clinical Association, and Editor of Notes on "Garrod's Materia Medica and Therapeutics," Louisville, Ky.* (See "Garrod's Materia Medica and Therapeutics," fourth edition, revised by Kenner.):

"In the treatment of Gout and all the manifestations of Uric Acid Poisoning, **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** is indicated and will be found very efficient. In Rheumatism, especially the chronic expression, we shall find the water very valuable. The waters of both springs have been found by extensive trial to possess remarkable solvent powers over Renal Calculi and Stone in the Bladder. We have the authority of that great clinician, Prof. Alfred L. Loomis, that **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** is of great value in Bright's Disease, and Hammond and other great observers find it greatly beneficial in this condition. In dyspepsia and gastro-intestinal disorders the water has been found very efficacious. In vomiting and nausea of pregnancy there is **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** frequently no remedy more efficacious than to be."

Medical testimony mailed to any address. For sale by druggists and grocers generally.

Hotel at Springs opens June 15th.

PROPRIETOR BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS, VIRGINIA.



A NATURE STUDY.

A Pressing Need.

LITTLE Alice is old for her years. One evening after she had gone to bed she heard mamma and papa laughing in much enjoyment over a game of flinch. She longed to get up and join them, but she knew she must not. The next morning at breakfast she was very quiet. Presently she drew a deep sigh.

"I feel the need of a husband, mamma, I do feel it!"—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

SAVE ONE THIRD

By Buying of the Makers

We are actual manufacturers—not a commission house. We can and do save our customers one third on retail prices by selling direct to user and cutting out all dealers' profits. All our goods carry our guarantee. Our free illustrated catalogue shows a greater assortment of carriages and harness than any dealer can show you. Send for it.

THE COLUMBUS CARRIAGE AND HARNESS COMPANY, COLUMBUS, OHIO.



ABBOTT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS

Make the best cocktail. A delightful aromatic for all wine, spirit and soda beverages. A tablespoonful in an ounce of sherry or sweetened water after meals, affords relief and aids digestion.

Important to see that it is Abbott's.

OLD CROW RYE STRAIGHT WHISKEY

H. B. KIRK & CO.,
SOLE BOTTLERS, NEW YORK.

French for Travelers and Automobilists.

THIS book is especially adapted for travelers abroad. It gives necessary and useful information, hints and suggestions about Car and Cab Fares, Baggage, Postage and Telegraphic Rates in vogue in France.

The French equivalents are given for automobile terms, appointments and equipment. Also Bridge Whist phrases, and all words and sentences in daily use.

By C. HÉLÈNE BARKER.

Price, \$1.00. For sale at all leading booksellers, or write direct to

W. F. BRAINARD, Publisher,
18 East 17th St., New York.

TOUR TO THE CANADIAN ROCKIES, LEWIS AND CLARK EXPOSITION, AND YELLOWSTONE PARK.

Via Pennsylvania Railroad, Account Convention
American Medical Association.

ROUND—\$215—TRIP

On account of the convention of the American Medical Association, to be held in Portland, Ore., July 11 to 14, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will run a personally-conducted tour, visiting the beautiful resorts in the Canadian Rockies, Seattle, Tacoma, and Portland, allowing four days in the latter city for attending the sessions of the convention and for visiting the Lewis and Clark Exposition, and five and one-half days in the Yellowstone Park, a full and complete tour of that wonderland. Tickets covering every necessary expense *en route*, except hotel accommodations in Portland, will be sold at the very low rate of \$215 from all stations on the Pennsylvania Railroad, except Pittsburgh, from which the rate will be \$210. A special train of high-grade Pullman equipment will leave New York, Philadelphia, Harrisburg, and Pittsburgh, Monday, July 3. The route will be via Chicago and St. Paul to Banff Hot Springs, Laggan, and Glacier, in the Canadian Rockies, thence to the Pacific Coast. Returning the route will lie through the States of Washington, Oregon, Idaho, and Montana, to the Yellowstone Park, and thence via Billings and Omaha to Chicago, reaching New York on July 26. For further information consult Pennsylvania Railroad ticket agents. A descriptive itinerary will be sent on application to Geo. W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, Pa.

Visit the Rockies!

The Colorado Midland reaches all the great mining camps and resorts of Colorado. It is also the short line between Denver and Salt Lake City.



C. D. SIMONSON, G. E. A.
425 BROADWAY
NEW YORK



A LAP DOG.

LOW-RATE TOUR TO DENVER.

Via Pennsylvania Railroad, Account International Convention, Epworth League.

On account of the Epworth League International Convention, to be held in Denver, Col., July 5 to 9, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has arranged a tour to Denver under its Personally-conducted System. A special train of high-grade Pullman equipment will leave New York, Philadelphia, Harrisburg, Altoona, and Pittsburgh, on Monday, July 3, arriving Denver at 12.30 noon on Wednesday, July 5. Tickets covering round-trip transportation, Pullman accommodations (one berth) going, and all meals in dining car when traveling on special train, will be sold at the following *very low rates*: New York, \$63.50; Philadelphia, \$61.75; Baltimore, \$60.00; Washington, \$60.00; Harrisburg, \$59.75; Williamsport, \$59.75; Altoona, \$58.75; and at proportionate rates from other stations.

These tickets will be good for passage to either Denver, Colorado Springs, or Pueblo, and will be good for return passage on regular trains to leave either of the above-mentioned points not later than July 14. Deposit of tickets with Joint Agent at either Denver, Colorado Springs, or Pueblo not later than July 14 and payment of fee of fifty cents secures an extension of return limit to leave either of the above points not later than August 8.

These liberal return limits will enable tourists to take advantage of the many delightful side trips to resorts in the Colorado Mountains, the Yellowstone Park, the Grand Canyon of Arizona, and the Lewis and Clark Exposition at Portland, for which special reduced-rate tickets will be on sale at Denver, Colorado Springs, and Pueblo.

For further information concerning specific rates, stop-over privileges, and returning routes consult ticket agents. A descriptive itinerary will be mailed upon application to Geo. W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, Pa.

A Paper Proposal

is a story of a summer love match, well told and beautifully illustrated. The small picture above only *suggests* the real charm of these illustrations. As a bit of readable fiction the story is well worth writing for. It is contained in a handsomely bound book of 128 pages, a portion of which is devoted to the attractive mountain and lake resorts along the Lackawanna Railroad. It is a book you will like to see. It may be had by sending 10 cents in postage stamps to T. W. LEE, General Passenger Agent, Lackawanna Railroad, New York.

Talks On Advertising

Making Sure of Results from General Advertising.

MR. General Advertiser! The first tangible *Return* from your money, when invested in Space, whether that Space be filled with "General Advertising" or with "Mail Order Advertising" is an *Inquiry* for your goods.

That *Inquiry* may be *verbal* to a Clerk over the Counter, or,—it may be *by Mail*, in a written, stamped and posted letter.

But, in either case, it is just an *Inquiry* for the goods, of one sort or another. It is the first practical *evidence* that the money spent is earning something *tangible* for you in return.

Now—it may take twice or three times as much *Conviction* in Copy to make a Consumer *write* an *Inquiry* for goods, and post it, as it would have taken to make that same Consumer *inquire verbally* for the goods advertised, when passing a store that should sell them.

But, when he does *inquire verbally* from a Retailer there are twice or three times as many chances of *substitution*, of "don't-keep-it" or "here's-something-better," as there would have been if that same Consumer had *written direct* for it by Mail.

Therefore, the Advertisement which sends Consumers to the Retailers, should be as full of *Conviction* as the successful Mail-Order Advertisement in order to fortify that Consumer against substitution, "don't-keep-it" and "here's-something-better."

Because, if the Advertisement *fails* to thus *fortify* the Consumer with "reason-why" and *Conviction*, it may simply send him to a Retail Store, to be switched on to a *competing* line of goods with which the Retailer is heavily stocked, or which his Clerks favor the sale of in preference to ours.

In that case the Advertising *we pay* for would sell goods for our non-advertising *Competitors*. Half the money spent to "Keep-the-name-before-the-people" results today in this *substitution* of non-advertised articles for the articles advertised through General Publicity.

* * * "General Publicity" Copy, when tested, is found in almost every case *too Weak* to sell goods profitably by Mail. And any copy which is not strong enough, nor *convincing* enough, to *sell goods by mail*, is not strong enough to make the Consumer *resist* substitution, and the "don't-keep-that-kind" influence of Retail conditions.

"General Advertising" Copy to succeed profitably must therefore cause not only a verbal *Inquiry* for the goods, but must also have enough strong *conviction* saturated into it to make the Consumer *insist* upon getting the goods he asks for, against probable substituting influence.

It must therefore give him better "reasons-why" he should buy *our* goods than he is likely to hear from the retail Salesman for the competing goods that Salesmen may want to substitute. And, it must give him these "reasons-why" in such a lucid thought-form as he can understand *without effort*, so *impressively* that he will *believe* our reasoning Claims. It must also do this in spite of his natural distrust of all Advertised statements.

This means we must put into General Advertising Copy the precise qualities that would be necessary to *sell goods* profitably *by mail*.

Half the people who inquire for Advertised goods *out of Curiosity* as a result of "General Publicity" (Keeping-the-name-before-the-People, etc.) do not *buy them* when they see them.

Because the *competing* goods will look just as fine when shown and recommended by the Substituting Salesman, and the Curiosity Inquiry having no firm foundation of Reason-

Why under it cannot combat the personal influence of the Salesman.

This is why not more than a fourth of those who, out of mere *curiosity*, buy the *first* package ever buy the second or third consecutive package of the same article, through "General Publicity." Because they do not buy on *Conviction*.

Meantime, it usually takes about all the profit in the *first* purchase of any "Generally Advertised" article to pay the cost of *introducing* it to the Consumer's notice through Advertising. But, with Lord & Thomas "Salesmanship-on-Paper" Copy results are *insured* and far more cumulative.

Because, a Consumer need only be convinced *once*, through our "reason-why" Salesmanship-on-Paper, that the article is what he *should*, for *his own sake*, buy and use.

When we thus *convince* him we achieve *more* than fortifying him against *substitution*. Because we also help his imagination to *find* and *recognize*, in the article advertised, the very qualities *claimed*, and *proved* for it in the Copy. These qualities he might never have discovered for himself, nor appreciated if he had casually discovered them in a mere "Curiosity" purchase.

Because his attention had only been "attracted," not compelled and enduringly *impressed* with a logical understanding of these qualities. But, when we once *convince* him, in advance of purchase, through our "Salesmanship-on-Paper" (Copy,) that the qualities *claimed* for the article do exist in them, he starts using that article with a *mental acceptance* of these qualities.

And, because he begins using the article with an advance *knowledge* of, and *belief* in, its good points, his *appreciation* becomes *permanent* if the goods merit it. He therefore makes a *second*, *third*, and further consecutive purchase of that article as a result of having once read a *single* convincing "Reason-Why" advertisement about it.

This is where large and cumulative *profits* must come to the General Advertiser—on the 2nd, 3rd, and *continued* purchases by readers of the *first* advertisement that reached their *Convictions*.

* * * These *conviction* qualities in copy are shown, by test, to be just as necessary in Advertising designed to sell goods profitably today, *through Retailers* to Consumers, as they are to sell goods *direct by mail* to Consumers.

This is why every Advertisement for goods to be sold through Retailers, against substitution, and "don't-keep-it" influences, should have as much *positive selling force*, "reason-why" and *conviction* in it as would be necessary to sell the goods *by mail* direct to Consumers.

The difference in *Results* from Space in which this *positive selling force* of Lord & Thomas Salesmanship-on-Paper has been used, and in results from similar space filled with "General Publicity" is often more than 80 per cent. Conclusive *tests* on Copy have clearly proved this, and one of our articles, entitled "Why Some Advertisers Grow Wealthy," in the June issue of another Magazine, cites a vivid example of it, from actual experience.

Any Advertiser who is willing to accept mere "General Publicity" for his money, when he might have all *that* and, in addition, a positive *selling force* combined with it, for five per cent more cost, is losing 50 to 80 per cent of the *results* he *might have had* from the same identical appropriation.

* * * Please note that the Lord & Thomas definition of "General Publicity" is "Keeping-the-name-before-the-people." When we speak of "General Advertising" we mean copy which sells goods through the Retailer. This latter class of advertising constitutes three-fourths of our business.

And note also that we are NOT "advising" General Advertisers to GO INTO MAIL ORDER BUSINESS.

WE DO, however, strongly insist that all Copy for GENERAL ADVERTISING should possess as much positive SELLING-FORCE and CONVICTION as it would NEED to actually and profitably SELL Goods direct BY MAIL.

* * * Three-fourths of the salaries paid by most Agencies go to strong Solicitors who *sell you Space*,—and *promise you service* free of charge. But, do the Solicitors' services as *Salesmen* help to bring your money back through the Advertising you must pay for?

Not 25 per cent of Advertising Agency salaries are invested in Copy Staff capable of making the Space sold by the Solicitors *pay a profit* for the Advertiser. Could we afford to direct your attention to these facts if we were not the *only* exception to the rule cited?

The selling tests we have made on various kinds of Copy, and on most mediums, have convinced us that Salesmanship in "Copy" is the Heart and Soul and Essence of Advertising.

We have proven by these tests that even a *poor* medium, at a relatively high price, with strong "Salesmanship-on-Paper" in it, will out-sell the *best* medium using "General Publicity."

Our Records-on-Results leave no doubt of this, while they also show *which mediums* sell the most goods per dollar invested, with the same kind of copy. It has cost us nearly \$100,000 to collect, compile, compare, maintain and practically apply the reliable *data* upon which our judgment of Copy and Mediums is now based in our "Record-of-Results."

No other Advertising Agency, nor individual Advertiser, has any such reliable guide to go by, as this collection of organized data, nor such *sure knowledge* of Copy, and Mediums, as that sure Index affords.

And that index to Results is what decided us to spend \$72,000 per year, in salaries, for a Copy Staff which is *able enough* to write the Lord & Thomas "Salesmanship-on-Paper."

No other Agency in America spends *one-third* of this sum for capable Copy-writers.

Not three other Agencies individually, spend a *fifth* of it.

Shall we send you our "Book of Tests on Advertising?" It is free to "General Advertisers," or to "Mail-Order Advertisers"—\$5.00 per copy to all others.

LORD & THOMAS

ESTABLISHED 1873

Largest Advertising Agency in America.

CHICAGO

The Cost

of purity alone exceeds all other costs of our brewing.

The absolute cleanliness; the purified air; the filtering; the aging; the sterilizing of every bottle—to omit those precautions would save half our expense.

But purity means healthfulness and that is worth more

*Ask for the Brewery Bottling.
See that the cork or crown is branded*

than all
else.

Schlitz

The Beer
That Made Milwaukee Famous